



Visitor. "HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE SEA-SERPENT?"
 Boatman. "No, Sir. I'M A TEMPERANCE MAN."

PICKING UP THE PIECES.

(At Daly's and Criterion.)

BRILLIANT as a spectacle, and occasionally very amusing, *San Toy*, the musical play recently produced by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES at Daly's, with music by SIDNEY JONES, and book and songs by Messrs. MORTON, ADRIAN ROSS, and the late Mr. GREENBANK, will never, in its present form, eclipse the memorable success of *The Geisha*. It is as well to guard this opinion by applying it only to its performance last Tuesday night; and even then, as several numbers were omitted from the published book, and one at least introduced which was not to be found therein, the piece may be considered as "a progressive;" and a GEORGE EDWARDES piece knows no such word as "fail."

Tenor HAYDEN COFFIN has hardly anything to do except to look clean and nice as the spotless *Captain Bobby Preston*, and to saunter about, singing an occasional ditty, and joining in a duet or concerted piece, as the case may be. Miss MARIE TEMPEST, to whom Tenor HAYDEN has to play the perfunctory lover, hasn't even the chance of looking her best either as a Chinese boy or Chinese girl. No doubt their musical and dramatic opportunities will arrive in time.

The success of the piece, for the crammed house is evidence of this, is made, in the first place, by Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, who, as the Mandarin with his six little wives, all playing up to him splendidly, is simply inimitable. His wink is a wonder. In that irresistible wink are all the hearty encores that, on every occasion when he opens his mouth and shuts his eye, he obtains for himself and the dainty little ladies of his harem. Then Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, as *Li*, admirably sustains the reputation he made in the *Geisha*: it is a similar character, and largely does he contribute to the popularity of the concerted song and dance, six times encored, the burden of which, "For we all of us are going back to London," is borne lightly by indefatigable and clever Miss HILDA MOODY, Miss GRACIE LEIGH, and the pretty "English ladies" all in a row, and lastly, but not least, by Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER, as a smart young officer, and the eccentric Mr. FRED KAYE, with his wonderful waddle, his comical face, and his abrupt Jingle-like style of speaking.

There is just the least possible suspicion of a plot somewhere about, the secret of which is in the possession of Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON and Mr. BARKER, the clever stage manager, to whom largely the success is due, but, as Mr. Toots might have observed, "it's of no consequence"; nor is it, as what matters plot as long as Box and Stall, Pit and Gallery, are satisfied? That they are so for the present is evident.

At the Criterion.—Hicks-cessively funny. *My Daughter-in-Law*, the rendering in English of MM. CARRÉ and BILHAUD's *Ma Bru*, is now in the fifth week of its run and going uncommonly strong, judging from the full house and the applause and laughter with which throughout it is received. It has not much of a plot, and what there is of it is not particularly novel, but the situations throughout two acts are good, the fun never flags until the last act; and above all it is admirably acted by every one. Of course, as so much in the first two acts is made of the intended *rendezvous* of Mr. Mainwaring, Senior, M.P., in which character Mr. HERBERT STANDING is capital, with the Countess, Miss CYNTHIA BROOKE, it is disappointing to the expectant audience only to hear a report and see the result of that interview, when the scene of the interview itself would have presented so many varied farcical complications.

Miss ELLALINE TERRISS is delightful as *Ma Bru* at open warfare with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Mainwaring, most emphatically rendered with all her strong comedy force by Miss FANNY BROUGH. "*Ma Bru s'en va-en guerre*" against her *Belle-maman*, and the latter gets the worst of it.

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is an amusing representative of a young married man, who is his wife's and mother's darling, and for whom both are fighting. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, admirably made up, gives us one of his best bits of character as an elderly gentleman who can't help "dropping into" bad language. He played something like it before in *Rosemary*.

The funniest scene is where a deaf musician, Mr. LITTLE, is told to play the piano, and then the guests throw things at him because they can't hear themselves talk. Mr. VANE-TEMPEST should protest against the utterly idiotic business of going on hands and knees to find his *pince-nez*, which, of course, he still has on his nose. Miss HENRIQUES does justice to the pert, impudent, and out-of-farce impossible maid-servant. Mr. MACKAY, as the innocent stamp-collecting secretary and diplomatist in *statu pupillari*, is excellent.

Altogether, the Criterion has a piece which is quite in keeping with the light comedy of Wyndhamite traditions, and as CHARLES "our Friend" is now "in another place," we hail his legitimate successor here with the ancient salutation of "Bravo, HICKS!"

"APRÈS VOUS, MADAME."—The *Adam of the Restoration* may be expected to follow *The Eve of the Reformation*. This is a hint to F. A. GASQUET, author of the latter work.

NEW READING.—"Mr. RHODES's Lion,"—Mr. Rhodes is sly'un.



"ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE."

THE LATEST RECRUIT—WITH THE NATAL FIELD FORCE.

Full Private PIGEON to be mentioned for distinguished conduct as bearer of despatches. Not to be plucked on examination.

**GOOD-BYE, SAMOA!**

"FAREWELL," SHE CRIED, AND WAVED HER NUT-BROWN HAND."

AT POTSDAM.

ALL the newspapers of the world have endeavoured to guess the subjects discussed by the two Emperors during their afternoon drive in the Park at Potsdam. In one respect only all the newspapers agree. The Emperor WILLIAM and the Emperor NICHOLAS must have debated the political affairs of the whole earth. We alone are enabled to give the following report, from a source which we are not at liberty to reveal:—

N. C'est dommage que je parle allemand si mal.

W. Du tout, du tout! Vous parlez très bien. Seulement vous avez l'habitude de parler français.

N. Ou anglais. Ah, vous avez arrangé cette affaire avec l'Angleterre, l'affaire de Sam—

W. Oh, mon cher, je vous en prie, pas de politique!

N. C'est vrai. Notre petit pacte de ce matin. Eh bien, vous allez en Angleterre. Un peu triste, Windsor?

W. Ah ça, un peu tranquille. Mais ils sont tous si aimables.

N. Une famille charmante. Et vos enfants vous accompagnent, les garçons et la ravissante petite fille?

W. Je l'espère. Je m'amuserai très bien là-bas. Des revues tous les jours. Et je causerai avec SALISBURY. Samoa—

N. Hein, mon cher! C'est vous qui oubliez le petit pacte.

W. Ah, mille regrets! J'ai tellement l'habitude de causer avec des ministres. Sont-ils embêtants avec leur politique! Figurez-vous MURAVIEFF et BÜLOW cette après-midi! S'ils discutent toutes ces questions-là! Eh bien, c'est leur métier. Et MURAVIEFF, qu'est-ce qu'il dit de l'Exposition? Vous comptez y aller?

N. Tiens! C'est presque la politique, ça. Peut-être. Et vous?

W. Ah, voyons donc! C'est absolument la politique. J'y irais volontiers. C'est gai, Paris?

N. Je n'en sais rien. Je n'ai vu que des monuments, des rues, des quais, des soldats, des fonctionnaires, et partout le Protocol. Ah, j'oubliais quelque chose. J'ai vu l'Académie Française. C'était gai, à n'y pas croire. Faut aller à Paris en garçon, comme mes oncles. Alors, c'est gai, probablement.

W. Probablement. MURAVIEFF est très sérieux, n'est-ce pas? Il ne s'occupe que des traités, des conférences— Et votre conférence—

N. Ah, par exemple, mon ami, ne parlez pas de ça! C'est la politique, voyez-vous, et non seulement ça, c'est tout ce qu'il y a de plus agaçant—

W. Désolé, mon cher. J'oublie toujours notre pacte. Et MURAVIEFF?

N. Ah oui. C'est un homme comme tous les ministres, comme BÜLOW. C'est leur métier, vous l'avez dit.

W. Evidemment tous les deux sont on ne peut plus sérieux. C'est une obsession pour eux. Ah, les voilà là-bas! Sapristi, s'ils discutent! Mais ils se tordent de rire. C'est amusant, la politique, pour eux, à ce qu'il paraît.

[Their Majesties descend from the dog-cart.

The two ministers become extremely grave. Salutations. Profound bows.

W. Eh bien, BÜLOW, de quoi s'agit-il? Vous causez politique, M. DE MURAVIEFF?

M. Ah, Sire, je parlais de mon séjour à Paris.



Walking Tourist. "WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS VILLAGE, MY MAN?"
Yokel. "OI DUNNO, ZUR. OI ONLY BIN 'ERE A MONTH!"

N. Vous avez visité l'Académie Française? Vous parliez de ça?

M. Pas précisément, Sire.

W. Question de politique, alors?

M. Pas précisément, Sire. Nous parlions du—d'un—

B. D'un drame, en effet, Sire.

M. En effet. Mon très honoré confrère—

B. C'est-à-dire, Sire, l'illustre ministre de Sa Majesté Impériale l'Empereur de Russie a bien voulu—

M. Ah, cher Comte, vous m'aviez demandé des renseignements—

B. Et M. DE MURAVIEFF m'a expliqué—

W. Mais, dites donc! Quoi?

M. Un drame, Sire.

B. Ou plutôt une comédie.

W. Eh bien, qui s'appelle—

M. Un drame un peu léger, Sire. Un drame qui s'appelle—s'appelle—

B. Le Vieux Marcheur, Sire.

W. Ha, ha! N'est-ce pas que je vous ai dit que tous les deux sont sérieux? Ils ont aussi leur petit pacte. Le Vieux Marcheur! J'en ai entendu parler.

N. Et moi aussi. Ce n'est pas à l'Institut de France. Racontez-moi tout ça, MURAVIEFF.

[Their Majesties and the ministers left in consultation.]

LATEST FROM NEW SCOTLAND YARD.—
Why are policemen called "coppers"?—
Because they're always on their metal.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE COMING SEASON.

(Especially recommended to Masters of Hounds near London.)

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO MR. PUNCH.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will pardon me, I know, if on this occasion I address myself directly to your sublime self, rather than to any of those whose names and deeds are most loudly sounded in our ears at this unhappy time of war.

You have been good enough, Sir, to give me your confidence, to permit me to utter as best I may in the columns of your universally and justly honoured journal such thoughts as have from time to time occurred to the humblest, but not the least loyal and devoted of your adherents. Their appearance in these columns gives them, I freely acknowledge, an influence far exceeding any that they could have if published in any other paper. For Mr. Punch is the friend of the English-speaking race all the world over, and, Sir, what is written in your paper is read with equal interest in every region, no matter how remote, to which an Englishman has penetrated, whether in pursuit of business or adventure, of warfare or of sport. Broad and generous in your sympathies, accessible to the cry of distress no less than to the sober voice of reason, you have never refused a hearing even to those who might set themselves against a rushing torrent of popular emotion. Nay more, Sir, I can recall a time when you yourself with pen and pencil led the van of those who sought to stem it. When Russia and Turkey were struggling in a death-grip, was the Russian cause the popular one in this country? We were on the brink of war with Russia, our government had obtained a credit of six millions, our fleet was within view of the Russian army, and we were assured by most of our newspapers not only that war against the Russians was just and necessary, but that the Englishman who argued against it was a traitor to his country. To be sure there was no KIPLING then, but there was a great McDERMOTT, the KIPLING of the moment, who declared nightly to music-hall audiences that the Russians should not have Constantinople, and that we ourselves had the ships (which was possible), the men (which, if he meant soldiers, was

problematical) and the money (which was probably true) with which to prevent them. Amidst such choruses of "Jingoism" we were being driven into war. Well, Sir, I turn to my volume of Punch for 1878, and in the first cartoon of the year I find the War Party pictured as an ass in a lion's skin.

In the following week Lord BEACONSFIELD is leading BRITANNIA to the verge of an abyss labelled "War." He says, "Just a leetle nearer the edge," to which she replies, "Not an inch further. I'm a good deal nearer than is pleasant already."

Well, Sir, I have no doubt that in 1878 your table was littered and your waste-paper basket was choked with letters of protest from noisy Jingoese who accused you, the truest patriot of them all, of failing in patriotism, and of being a "pro-Russian," because you did not pin your faith blindly to the wise, eminent, and distinguished ones, who at that time honoured us by conducting our Government; because, in fact, you conceived it to be your highest duty to help in keeping peace, and to denounce the war-party of the day.

To-day, Sir, I do not profess to speak for you, nor do you, by publishing what I write, pledge yourself to a necessary agreement with me. That those who feel and think as I do are neither few nor unimportant I am assured. Equally certain am I that as this melancholy war proceeds, both their numbers and their influence will grow. But for yourself, Sir, disagreeing with me, as you do, on many points, you yet hold the view that our opinions are not unworthy to be placed before your readers, and that they are not open to the charge of anti-patriotism, the stalest and stupidest charge to be found in the armoury of folly and mendacity.

I am led to make these remarks by a perusal of the letters with which I have lately been honoured by some of your readers. I do not speak now of letters of approval, though they are not few, but of letters of which the following may be taken as a type. I copy it verbatim, merely premising that it refers to a rebuke addressed to Mr. SWINBURNE who had in a sonnet likened the Boers to ravaging wolves, and had adjured England to strike home:—

"Sir,—I have read Punch from its commencement, and I am sorry to see inserted in your current issue the letter signed 'The VAGRANT.' How you

could have allowed such a pro-Boer article to appear in your columns I cannot imagine, and there are many others who are as disgusted as I am. As for your almost weekly attacks upon ALFRED AUSTIN, they are cruel and caustic. All poets are of a highly-strung and sensitive nature, and feel pin-pricks more than ordinary mortals, and you should also bear in mind that, whether Mr. AUSTIN ranks high or low in the art of poesy, he holds his appointment of Poet Laureate from Her Majesty the Queen."

There, Sir, you have it. Because a human being has been converted into an official and has had his appointment signed by Her Majesty the QUEEN, all criticism of his acts is to cease! Sir ALFRED MILNER is a High Commissioner: down, therefore, on your knees, oh ye people, and receive in humility the divine rhetoric of Sir ALFRED. Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is a Secretary of State: therefore his actions are just and straightforward, and his words are the words of wisdom—with only this qualification, that what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said three or four years ago either doesn't matter, or is to be interpreted in a sense precisely opposite to that which it seemed to plain men to be intended to convey. The Earl of SELBORNE, that famous Colonel of Militia, is an Under-Secretary: may Heaven, therefore, protect him and bring the common herd to acknowledge the verbal inspiration of every speech made by the noble, plough-handling, Colonial Under-Secretary. That is the simple-minded idea that is at the root of the letter I have quoted (it is dated from Walmer, Kent, and is signed, "A SOLDIER AND A MAN"); it is the idea that is responsible for nearly all the brag and the baseless charges of our stay-at-home warriors, and it is an idea, finally, against which every man who claims to exercise his reason and values his right to the free expression of his opinion is bound to protest. At any rate, we are not disposed to grant an immunity from criticism to men who share with us a liability to error, and whose conduct seems to stamp them as even more foolish than ourselves. Let me put it to "A SOLDIER AND A MAN" in this way: did he ever in the course of his long, Punch-reading life exempt Mr. GLADSTONE from criticism? Did he ever complain when others criticised him? I trow not. And yet Mr. GLADSTONE was appointed by Her Majesty the QUEEN to the various offices in which, according to many soldiers and many men, he wrought irreparable mischief to his country. Or let us take the case of CHATHAM, a man who, if the truth were known, was almost as great and wise as either of our present ALFREDS (MILNER, I mean, or AUSTIN). What will "A SOLDIER AND A MAN" think of this pattern of noble action and pure patriotism when he learns that it was Lord CHATHAM who, when the American Colonies revolted, spoke the following words:—"I rejoice that America has resisted. . . . I hope some dreadful calamity will befall the country that will open the eyes of the King." And again:—"In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights and honour of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this I would not contribute a single effort, nor a single shilling." And yet the war against the American Colonies was enforced by Colonial Governors, sanctioned by Parliamentary majorities, and enthusiastically approved by His Majesty the King!

Before I close, Sir, let me call your attention to a charming little sentence which I cull from my *Evening Standard* of November 6:—"Mr. KRÜGER," it says, "is fighting for all he holds dear—unless we politely except Mrs. KRÜGER, of whom no one would wantonly deprive him." Here you have in a phrase those graces both of temperament and of style which have made the English journalist beloved and respected all the wide world over. Could anything more convincing, more delicate in its allusive humour, or more generously chivalrous and manly be conceived? My congratulations to the *Evening Standard*. It has touched the high-water mark of courtesy and gentlemanly feeling.

Farewell, Sir, and forgive me if I have strayed into a personal vindication. And in the meantime, believe me when I say again that, though I do not look for your entire agreement, I am proud of the confidence that you have so far placed in me.

I am your obedient servant,

THE VAGRANT.

[Editor's Note.—"Audi alteram partem" must ever be Mr. Punch's motto. On any question, to whatever can be said within certain evident limits, Mr. Punch impartially gives publicity. Articles signed by the writer, whether using his own name or a *nom de plume*, limit the responsibility, but to the opinions therein expressed Mr. Punch gives no assent either formal or implied.]

During the Meteor Display.

Jack (who has been allowed to sit up, on scientific grounds). I say, ETHEL, won't BROCK be jolly jealous of this show?



"IT AIN'T EXACTLY WOT HE SAID."

Boy. "YOU ARE GOING TO FIGHT AGAINST THE ENGLISH, AREN'T YOU, CAPTAIN BROWN?"
 Captain Brown (indignantly). "FIGHT THE ENGLISH! WHAT ON EARTH PUT THAT INTO YOUR HEAD?"
 Boy. "WHY, DADDY SAID YOU WERE A HORRID BOER!"

THE CATCHPENNY.

In this Autumn of anxiety and doubt,
 As the wily Boer beleaguers our defences,
 News are doled, or dribble, out; rumours freely fly about;
 And we stay-at-homes are learning what suspense is.

We should probably endure it quite as well
 If a sound—at which a nervous person's flesh 'll
 Creep as if he heard his knell—could be silenced, 'tis the yell
 Of the Gentlemen who hawk the "extry speshil."

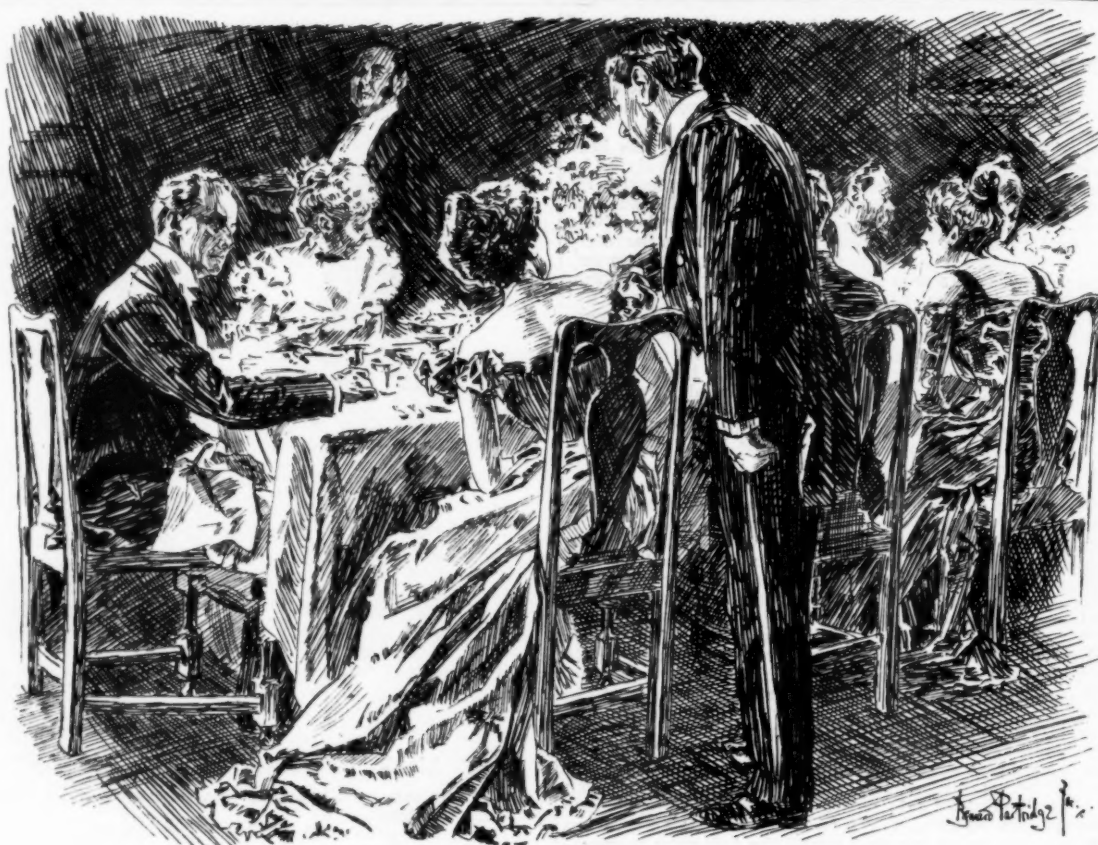
They are hoarser than the evil-omened crow,
 With a raucous note of relish in their bawling;
 On their way they gaily go, croaking messages of woe,
 Which—whenever not "terrific"—are "appalling."

And the suburbs ring and echo of a night
 To their bellows of "Slaughter" and "Disaster";
 Children wake and sob with fright; every woman's face goes
 white;
 And the stoutest heart will beat a trifle faster.

Some have loved ones numbered haply 'mong the slain,
 All can feel our Empire's fortunes at a crisis;
 And the hawks reap their gain in the universal strain,
 For their "Orful news" is fetching fancy prices.

If by unforeseen calamities attacked,
 We 'll confront 'em—as our fathers oft before did.
 But need our ears be racked by voices coarse and cracked,
 Mouthing Tragedy in tones that make it sordid?

There are well-conducted paper-vending folk,
 Whose tongues the largest "scare-line" never loosens;
 But the cadger's raven-croak is at any time no joke,
 And—at present—an intolerable nuisance!



Waiter (who has "seen better days"—absently, as he pours out the champagne). "SAY WHEN!"

CANT AND RECANT.

(Being two movements "executed" by certain Organs of the pro-Boer Press. The first of these represents the period of diplomatic negotiation.)

I.

ANDANTE DEPRECANTISSIMO.

PAUSE! gentle British Lion, pause!
Let not your naughty passions rustle!
Why should you thus unsheath your claws,
Why exercise your latent muscle?

And you, most dulcet Unicorn,
Why do we see you gravely prancing?
Why do you grind your pensive horn
As if for purposes of lancing?

England! as you are strong, be suave!
'Tis unbecoming in a giant
His teeth to show, his tail to wave,
To seem, in fact, to be defiant!

Yonder you have an aged saint
Soft-breasted as a pouter-pigeon!
He has a conscience free from taint,
He fairly revels in religion!

Peace has for him a potent spell;
The very thought of carnage racks him;
Even in dreams he loathes to dwell
Upon the muzzle of a Maxim!

Let England seek with soft appeal
To move his subtle sense of honour,

And what concessions he would seal!
What loaded favours lavish on her!

Probe, I repeat, his tender point,
That love of justice which perhaps is
Behind his weakest harness-joint—
And at a touch the man collapses!

But make the faintest show of force—
That were a spark to fire suspicion!
One soldier, on or off a horse,
Might be enough to cause ignition!

The softest bag-pipe, blown afar,
Might shatter our polite relations!
A single mule be found to mar
These delicate negotiations!

A mere precaution, some assert;
We say, a dangerous proceeding!
With quiet natures, quickly hurt,
This sort of thing is most misleading.

Give trust for trust, fair measure down!
'Tis the sincerest form of flattery;
Take for your arms the olive-crown,
And not the brutal sword and battery!

Be it not said that in your pride,
With wind of Tory power inflated,
You sallied forth and stultified
The work Majuba consummated!

INTERVAL.

Here follows the Boer ultimatum, now
recognised as having been ready to be

issued at any earlier moment on the first
sign of an intention on the part of the
British Government to increase materially
its forces in South Africa. It is succeeded
by a period of "trial and danger" (see
Lord SALISBURY'S Guildhall speech)
rendered unavoidable by the mere exi-
gencies of geography. The occasion is
improved by the Organs above alluded to.
They proceed to their second movement.

II.

FURIOSO TENNYSONIANO.

You, you, if you have held our Lion back
When round his cubs the dreadful snares
were drawn,
On you the nation's fist shall fall whack,
whack,
Who bound his urgent brawn,
Nor let him save his kind!

Our little Army—left an easy prize
To thrice their number, warriors born
and bred,
Armed, as you might have guessed, up to
the eyes,
Had you not gone, instead,
Out of your so-called mind!

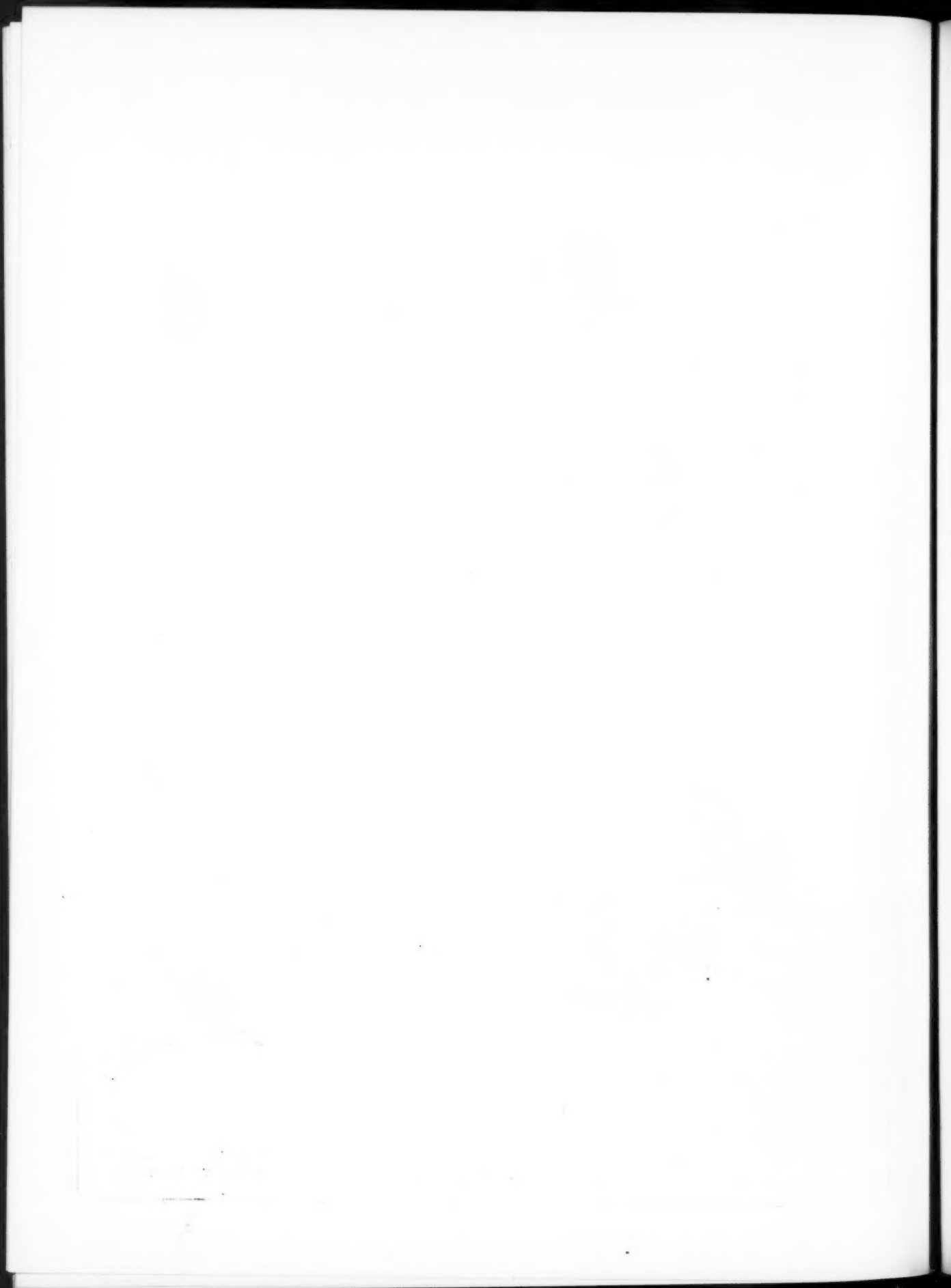
Procrastinators, weak as H₂O,
Afraid to use your giant Tory power,
Watching which way the people's breath
would blow,
You missed the precious hour!
Perverse and gravel-blind!



RESERVED FORCE!

JOHN BULL. "AH! YOU'VE FOUGHT HARD FOR THE SYSTEM—AND IT'S WORKING WELL!"

LORD WOLSELEY. "YES—IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR CARDWELL WE SHOULD HAVE HAD NO MEN TO MOBILISE!"



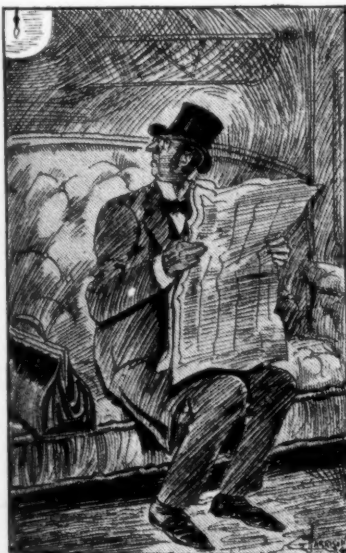
You, you, should Britain perish by the roots,
The thing we fondly trusted to your care,
Take notice—we will lift our passionate boots
And kick you hard somewhere,
Most probably behind!

ADVICE GRATIS.

LEASEHOLDER. You say that you "have six houses in Chiswick that cost you £150 a year for repairs as against £100 rental." This seems financially unsound. If your tenant complains that when he walks upon the roof "he goes through into the room beneath," caution him not to select such a spot for a promenade. Another tenant says he does not know what to do with a shower of slates. Why not advise him to open an infant school? Altogether the property seems an undesirable one to hold. Why not get rid of it to a charity? Might turn it into a convalescent home for decayed gentlewomen; or a hospital for ailing cats. Think it over.

ETIQUETTE.—Yes, it was evidently intended for an insult, or at any rate a snubbing. In common justice he ought to send you another hat for the one destroyed. No, you ought not to pay him for the cost of his walking-stick. It broke when it was whacking you, but then your back was not responsible. Yes, I certainly think you have cause for complaint.

A NOBLE-HEARTED GIRL.—You would go through fire and water for him. You adore the ground he treads beneath his feet. Life is empty and void and colourless. You cherish his letters, and can repeat every word he has ever spoken to you. Yes, you can safely consult a solicitor.



A PARTY WHO IS QUITE IN FAVOUR OF LIGHT RAILWAYS FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.



OLIVER PRIMROSE.

THE MODERN LORD PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEAL.

GRUB STREET ECHOES.

[“Literary collaboration or companionship. Author and Journalist, 39, would like to go shares in very cheap living with another.”—Advt. in *Daily News*.]

I AM growing sick and weary
Of the attic dull and dreary
Where in solitary state I wake and sleep,
And I want some fellow-sinner
Who will share my frugal dinner.
But the living must be very, very cheap.

Now the kind of man I've painted
In my mind, is one acquainted
With the shallows when the tide of Fortune's neap;
Who is not above tripe suppers,
Or a patch upon his uppers,
For the living must be very, very cheap.

One who scorns the oyster season
When he has the feast of reason
And the flow of soul, whereof he drinketh deep—
It is advantageous, very,
To prefer bright soul to sherry
Or to claret, when your living must be cheap.

One who doesn't care a button
If he has no beef nor mutton
So his LAMB be there to bid him laugh or weep;
Doesn't mind if egg's denied him
If his BACON is beside him,
Doesn't grumble though his living's very cheap.

Doesn't think it really matters
Though one's coat should be in tatters,

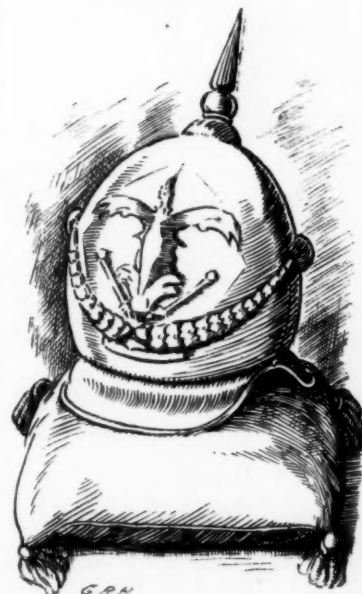
And one's elbows through one's shirt-sleeves sometimes peep:
With a friend like this to like one
I believe 'twould seldom strike one
That the living was so very, very cheap.

“SHALL AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?”

“SUCH is fame!” and such is gratitude. There was, and is, a piece, taken from the French, called *Garrick*. If we do any injustice to the French originator by not remembering his name, it is simply that we are more conversant with the English than with the French stage, and as London play-goers, the adaptation of *Garrick* is associated only with the name of TOM ROBERTSON, author of *Caste*, *Ours*, &c. It was originally played by SOTHERN at the Haymarket. Subsequently, *longo intervallo*, by WYNDHAM at the Criterion. Those of the public, whether professional or unprofessional critics, who had seen SOTHERN in the part, said that it suited WYNDHAM better than it did SOTHERN. Anyway, putting aside all the original plays that TOM ROBERTSON ever wrote, this adaptation from the French holds the stage; only in “press notices,” and in the advertisement in the *Times* now before us, no mention is made of the authorship of the English version. “Everybody knows by whom it was written,” may be the excuse.

“WHAT'S UP?”—Piccadilly—during busiest time of year, as usual. *Vivat L. C. C.!*

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



AN IMPERIAL HELMET.

This is a notable headpiece of the finest modern German work, and is very popular in England, where its sterling qualities have always been recognised. It has many points of resemblance to some British Royal headpieces, and *Mr. Punch*, with becoming loyalty, is proud to rank it among his most cherished possessions.



AT THE FRONT.

Captain of Gun (as he fires). "ERE 'S ANOTHER NICE LITTLE CAPFUL O' CORNFETTI FOR MISTER JOOBERT!"

ALFRED KIPLING.

(Being a counterblast to the "Rudyard Austin" of Mr. Punch's Depreciator, and a reminiscence of the Laureate's recent poem in "The Times.")

THE men that fought at Cannæ, they was beaten, as we know,
And Rome, you bet, was sorry at the news,
But the Senate 'ouse and Forum still contrived to form a quorum,
And the Consuls, I can tell you, 'ad their views!
When the auctioneer went on
Cryin' "goin', goin', gone,"
As he put the Carthaginian encampment up for sale,
And a feller on the spot
Up and bought the bloomin' lot,
An' 'e paid a stiffish figure, paid it down upon the nail!
So the regimints around
Why they "over ocean wound,"
(Which I take it means they 'ad to tack a bit,)
And General SCIPIO
Sent the Carthage chaps below
Till there wasn't room in 'ell for 'em to sit!

The men that fought at Cannæ, they was beaten; so is we;
But, bless you, what's a temporary check?
TOMMY knows "nor fear nor feud," TOMMY's "steeled in fortitude,"
An' precious soon he'll wring ole KROOJER's neck!
So the Trooper's on 'er way
'Crost the sea to Table Bay,
We've got our marchin' orders an' we ain't a goin' to shirk;
When a bullet drops a chap,
Why we goes an' fills the gap,
An' the British Empire's lookin' on to see us do the work!
KROOJER's got to step aside
With 'is "tyranny and pride,"
For we're goin' to take 'im down a peg or two,
An' we're bringin' with us Freedom
For these blarsted sons of Edom,
—An' I 'ardly think they'll like it much, do you?

THE LATEY'S PICTORIAL.

"RULE Britannia!" Place aux dames, or "LATEY's first" by all means, and let Madame Britannia take the lead. The title of our nautical National Song has been adopted by Mr. LATEY as the catching title of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, his Christmas Annual for this year. The military, naval, and feminine frontispiece in colours, by DUDLEY CLEAVER, claims attention at the very outpost. It must be DUDLEY CLEAVER at his Dudleyest and Cleaverest! The scene, we may safely conjecture, represents some part of a harbour, with a doubtful lighthouse in the offing. In the middle distance is a two-masted ship, and away from it are marching, out of the frame, ten Highlanders with clean, bare, pink knees, perfectly white spats, neat boots, not too thick for dancing, and nice white gloves. Evidently these gay soldier Highlanders are going to "have their fling."

Then, in the foreground centre, is a youthful naval officer, with a pained expression on his somewhat highly rouged cheeks, probably caused by the tightness of his pointed patent-leather boots, who, while taking off his white cap with his white-gloved left hand, kisses the tip of a somewhat gouty right-hand finger. As to the young lady with her wealth of glorified carroty concreted hair, she is a veritable triumph of capillary attraction!

After this long delay we open the number and find it chiefly naval and military, with a really excellent portrait of Her Gracious Majesty, one of the best we can remember, a stirring story by Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS, and a clever "Love-story of Waterloo," by Editor JOHN LATEY, who, taking it all round and including the fresh-as-paint-frontispiece, gives a first-rate sixpenn'orth with "two presentation pictures in colours" as a bonus.

A Change for the Worse?

[“The Theosophical Society are about to move their quarters to the premises lately occupied by the Kennel Club.”—*Daily Paper*.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Are we to infer from the above that Theosophy is “going to the dogs”?

Yours devotedly, ANTI-THEOSOPHIST.

ALLAN QUATERMAIN'S FARM.

(An extract from Mr. Rider Haggard's new book, "A Farmer's Year," emended by a disappointed reader to the kind of thing he expected.)

July 1.—To-day Sir HENRY CURTIS took his turn at minding the ostriches. Despite the gloomy predictions of the neighbouring farmers, they thrive uncommonly well in Norfolk, and we intend to have an ostrich-club for the benefit of the poor when Christmas comes round. UMSLOPOGAAS was employed in exercising the alligators. After lunch I had a look round our plantation of cheddar-trees, which we have grown from some seed given us in Africa by an old witch-doctor. The tallest of them has now reached a height of 259 feet 7 inches, and the fruit it bears exactly resembles cheddar cheese in taste and appearance. I had just completed measuring it, and was wondering whether it would be wise to graft a bread-fruit tree on it, when a strange thing happened. The voice of some unseen speaker said softly, "MACUMAZAHN!"

"Hullo?" said I, thinking it was UMSLOPOGAAS—for, of course, none of our Norfolk labourers address me by my native name.

"Hush!" said the voice—in which I now recognised an undesirable sweetness, very unlike the gruff tones of the Zulu. "Hush, MACUMAZAHN! Speak not, but look—look yonder, beside the hedge!"

Instinctively I obeyed. A curious white mist hung over the spot. Even as I spoke, it rolled away, and there, in all the brilliance of her eternal beauty, stood *She-who-must-be-obeyed!*

"Gracious goodness!" I gasped. "What the dickens are you doing here, on a respectable English farm? Why, you died for good in that last chapter years ago!"

SHE laughed—that musical laugh which we had known so well in bygone days.

"That was but a pretence," she cried.

"We had to end the book somehow. But I've been horribly dull ever since, so I've come to summon you and Sir HENRY back to Africa. We'll have some more horrible adventures, and make a volume which will sell like hot cakes!"

Then I felt truly sorry for SHE. At all costs, I must deceive her. "You have come here in vain," I answered. "Haven't you heard that we're reformed characters? We don't deal in fighting and magic and adventure nowadays. We're settled down into regular British farmers, and we write a chapter every month in *Longman's* on pigs and roots and manures. So you'd better *trek*—you'll compromise us horribly with our readers if you're seen here."

"Farmers?" murmured SHE. "I know not what that means. What are those tender plants entwined on sticks?"

I saw that she was looking at the next field. "Those are peas," said I.

"Then you won't come back to Africa? You dare to refuse me?" SHE continued.

I nodded my head emphatically. "Not good enough," I answered.

"Then," was her answer, "watch your peas—and take warning, oh MACUMAZAHN!" and even as she spoke, she vanished into air.

Then a strange thing happened. I noticed a speck in the distant sky. Rapidly it grew in size, and I realized that it was a gigantic flock of birds. Hardly had I comprehended this, when the entire flock



A DRIVING DIFFICULTY.

He. "HADN'T YOU BETTER MAKE HIM GO SLOWER DOWN THIS HILL?"

She. "YES, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO. BUT THESE REINS ARE SO ABSURDLY LONG, I CAN'T!"

settled on our peas, and began to devour them!

Luckily, I'm a fairish shot, and Sir HENRY soon came to my assistance. Between us we accounted for 329 brace, including flamingoes, bustards, parakeets, and a few great auks—not bad, I think, for a pair of middle-aged men.

Such is a true history of one afternoon on our Norfolk farm.

TO A LEONID.

[The young male lion which Mr. CECIL RHODES presented to Mr. KRÜGER, and which was rejected by that potentate, was due to arrive at the Zoological Gardens last Saturday.]

"SAKU bona, Ingonyama!"—we see you, Lion—as your keepers, the Matabele boys MAGAF and DINGAS, used to say last year, when we played Bo-peep with you through the bars of your cage up on the mountain

side in Grooteshnur Park. Mr. RHODES said it was our duty to inspect you, but had we known you were coming to the London Zoo, we would have waited, and not toiled up with two cameras to your abode while Fahrenheit was at 100° in the shade (only there wasn't any shade!). A nice little bill you and your twin-brother cost for meat—£300 a year, and this when not half-grown. There will have to be a special vote in the Estimates for you at this rate.

So KRÜGER wouldn't have you at any price—got enough Mausers of his own, without any others of the feline persuasion. Well, we shall see. If he wouldn't have you as a gift, possibly one fine morning before long he will find a full-grown and very-much-alive British specimen in front of his stoep, where they say he is still placidly smoking behind BARNEY'S marble pair.



"A MOST PALPABLE!"

Beginner (excitedly, the first shot at the end of a blank morning).
 "How's that, JOHN?"
John. "WELL, YE SEEM TO 'AVE 'IT 'IM, SIR!"

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

Al! stay me not with viands, neither hinder me with wine,
 For he who has my task to do has little care to dine,
 No meat must cloud his intellect, full scant must be the fare
 Of him who for the deed that lies before me would prepare.
 I have fasted, I have suffered, I have wrestled, I have wept,
 With long and painful anguish stern vigil I have kept;
 That perchance through patient suffering meet courage I might
 win
 For the full and rich achievement of the purpose I begin.
 Ah, nay! it is no conflict with the powers of wickedness
 That bids me brace my spirit up with struggling and with stress;
 But thus with rigid discipline I strive but to obey
 Miss ACHURCH's prescription—for I'm going to the play.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OUR old friend, originally *Men of the Time*, now settled down to happy married life as *Men and Women of the Time* (ROUTLEDGE), celebrates the close of the century by coming out in its fifteenth edition. It has already been the progenitor of many successful annuals bearing a more or less close resemblance. Under the present editorship it holds its own at the head of the procession. The new edition contains 1,560 new biographies necessitating an additional bulk of 300 pages. A feature peculiar to the volume, not least useful, is the Necrology. It dates back to 1862, and thereafter records the date of the birth and death of memorable men who have passed away. My Baronite believes it to be the most prodigious tombstone in the world, containing not less than 3,300 entries.

There are a few ordinary wild beasts, says my Nautical Retainer, in *The Taming of the Jungle*, by Mr. C. W. DOYLE (CONSTABLE & Co.), but the biped prevails. One needs no previous knowledge of this folk of the Terai, away there under the Himalayas, to appreciate the insight and observation which

characterise every stroke of these charming sketches. It would be altogether unfair to say that the author owes his inspiration to Mr. KIPLING. He speaks from long and close experience; and, what is better still, his note is his own. He never loses the colour-harmony of the forest.

"A turn, and we stand in the heart of things;
 The woods are round us, heaped and dim."

Against every temptation to impose with purple patches, he stands firm with a fine reserve of strength. Whether Mr. DOYLE would be capable of compassing a broader theme it is, perhaps, idle to conjecture. A touch or two in his treatment of a familiar human episode, half tragedy, half comedy, seems to betray a consciousness of his limits. But in the particular sphere to which he mainly devotes himself, it is difficult to detect an error of judgment or style, unless it be urged against him that the conclusions of some of his stories incline to abruptness. In a brilliant illustration by Mr. NETTLESHIP, full of fire and movement, the beasts of the jungle are seen careering across the back of the book. The covers, in fact, have been drawn as well as any huntsman could do it.

The Baron's Retainer Blithe—as every one knows, "the Baron's retainers were Blithe and Gay," and so they remain—has been reading *A Legacy of Hate* (C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Ltd.), a novel by the author of *Behind a Mask*, and *Iras, a Mystery*. He has been greatly interested in the book, which reminds him not a little of *The Memoirs of a Physician*, by the first DUMAS, and other works having to do with hypnotism. As to the plot, the Baron's Retainer might as well say that, acting as a huntsman, Mr. THEO. DOUGLAS first catches his fox, and then puts his readers off the scent until he runs his prize to earth in the last chapter. *A Legacy of Hate*, like some other popular modern romances, appears to have been written backwards. Taken as a tale, *A Legacy of Hate* is above the average. The Baron's Retainer says that he intends to recommend it to his friends rather than to his foes.

My Assistant Baronitess thought that *Wee Folk Good Folk* (DUCKWORTH & Co.) must be essentially a book for little folk, but the author, L. ALLEN HARKER, tells us they are child stories for older folk. So my A. B. took up the little volume and read with the greatest interest and pleasure story after story about various little people, all of whom she liked so much, that it was with deep regret the Baronitess aforesaid closed the book and bade them farewell. Short but extra sweet is every little story, and to some of them falls the good luck of being illustrated by BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Helen's Babies (GRANT RICHARDS), by JOHN HABBERTON, are quite the most mischievous little people one could wish to find in or out of a book, and the reader sympathises genuinely with poor *Uncle Harry*, who, in a weak moment, accepts the invitation to look after them for a fortnight during the absence of their parents.

The Gold Star Line, by L. T. MEADE and ROBERT EUSTACE (WARD, LOCK & Co.), contains six detective stories. Number one is exciting, and the reader eagerly commences number two, and so on. But the first should have been the last, or the only one.

Mr. SWINBURNE is probably not looking about among London theatres, central or suburban, for a stage on which to present his new tragedy, *Rosamund* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). As an acting play it is impossible: as a written one it is undesirable. Compared with *Rosamund*, Queen of the Lombards, the principal character in the grim story, *Lady Macbeth* was a gentle creature, possessing all the domestic virtues. Here and there the grossness of the daintily presented volume is relieved by lines of the old Swinburnian melody. As where the fretful king laments the molten monotony of the Mediterranean in Midsummer;

"The sea is here no sea to cherish man,
 It brings no choral comfort back with tides
 That surge and sink and swell and chime and change
 And lighten life with music."

It wants a good deal of that to take out of the mouth the prevailing taste of the book. THE BARON DE B.-W.

Lines found on the Desk of the Rt. Hon. J. Ch-mb-rl-n.

To ancient maxims we belief accord,
 We know "the pen is mightier than the sword,"
 But if the pen should chance to fail us—well,
 Enforce our maxims with the lyddite shell.

AN OLD AND BIGOTED WHIST-PLAYER'S DEFINITION OF "BRIDGE."
 —Pons Asinorum.